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BOEOTICORUM LIBER:

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OR A NEW

ART of POETRY,

Containing the best

RECEIPTS

For making all Sorts of

POEMS,

According to the MODERN TASTE.

In Two CANTO'S.

————— *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ*
Validus oblectant Populum.

HOR.

Te doceam canere, & mea Te præcepta juvabunt,
Nunquam hinc, ne dubita, prorsum inconsultus abibis.

VIDA.

DUBLIN, Printed:

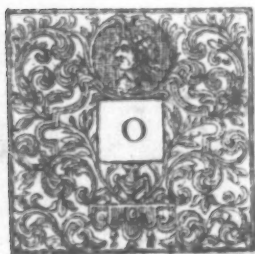
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BOEOTICORUM LIBER, &c.

CANTO I.



FT *Bardus* to *Apollo* pray'd
To gain the God's inspiring Aid,
Ambitious of a *Poet's* Name,
And fondly panting after Fame.

Apollo hears, and thus replies;
Bardus, if possible, be wise,
Plague us no more — (tis vain and vicious,)
For Gifts improper and pernicious,

Nature hath render'd thee unfit,
 To relish *Learning*, *Sense*, or *Wit*;
 How then can all the sacred *Nine*
 Instruct thee in an Art divine?
 Turn *Architect*, or learn the *Laws*,
 To plead for Hire the Villain's Cause;
 Read *Archimede* and *Euclid* o'er,
 And, on the puzzling Pages pore;
 For these will prove, beyond Dispute,
 Such Arts as best thy Talent fute.
 You want a *Genius* — that's the Case.

Bardus rejoins — May't please Your Grace,
 So do a Thousand more — what then?
 They write as much as wiser Men.
 Did *W* — ever forge a Line
 With *Spirit*, *Genius*, or Design?

What

What *Wit* can envious *T*—— boast?
 Yet he and *Mævius* publish most.
 Of Rhiming who possess'd the Knack more
 Than tedious Epic-spinning *Blackmore*?
 May I not write as well as those,
 In Prose-like Verse, or verse-like Prose?

Doubtless you may, the *God* replies,
 And soon to equal Glory rise,
 Without the least inspiring Aid
 From *Phœbus*, or the blue ey'd *Maid*,
 Without the least Pretence to claim
 The *Poet's* pure etherial Flame.

But since, O *Bardus*, you delight in
 The modern humble Art of Writing,
 In Hope to plead a just Pretension,
 To some distinguish'd *Place* or *Pension*:

Since

Since *Fortune* wisely hath decreed
 The *Dull* shall always best succeed;
 You've nothing more to do but follow
 This one Direction of *Apollo*.

Observe, on yonder rising Ground,
 A *Dome* with verdant Lawrels crown'd,
 There *Fame* resides, and thence conveys
 Immortal *Infamy* and *Praise*.
 Yon Adamantine Doors admit
 Her fav'rite Sons renown'd for *Wit*;
 But *close* instinctive, to exclude
 The Herd with *Genius* unimbu'd.
 Learn thou that Entrance to despise,
 Since *Few* by *Wit* to Grandeur rise.

But use your utmost Art to find
 The private Road to Fame *behind*,

Obscure

Obscure and dark, yet crouded more
 Than all the spacious Scene *before*.
 There Laughter-loving * *Jocus* reigns,
 And there to modern Bards explains
 The genuine, bold, poetick Rage,
 That thrives in this judicious Age;
 There shews the just mechanic *Rules*
 To make *Fools Poets*, Poets *Fools*.

Deluded *Bardus*, in a Trice
 To *Jocus* flies, to beg Advice,
 And finds him circled with a Croud
 Of *Authors*, ignorant, and loud,
 Conceited, senseless, lewd, prophane;
 Some ranting wild in *Tragic* Strain,
 Some sighing soft in harmless *Lyric*,
 Or humbly breathing *Panegyric*,

* *The God of Irony.*

Or hymning gay *Lyæan* Pleasures,
 Or praising *Babes* in *Pambian* Measures,
 All utt'ring, with delighted Tone,
 Laborious *Nonsense* of their own.

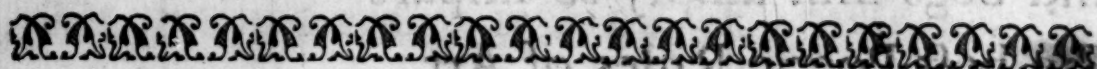
By Noise and Numbers undeterr'd,
 He mixes with the common Herd,
 And finds the Guardian of the Place
 Like *Janus*, arm'd with double Face;
 The *one*, grave, solemn, and severe,
 Pronounc'd with magisterial Air,
Receipts and *Rules*, and nice Instructions
 To please, in all polite Productions,
 With Sound to charm the modern Ears:
 While *t'other* laughs at all he hears.

Bardus, low-bending at the Shrine
 Of *Jocus*, owns his whole Design,

And

And begs him amply to impart
 The best Poetic Rules of Art,
 His Fortune and his Fame to raise,
 And make his future Labours please.

The *God*, tho' much surpriz'd to trace
 Such solid *Dullness* in his Face,
 A Dullness, scarce surpass'd by those
 Who to the highest Stations rose,
Pimps, Coxcombs, Politicians, Peers,
 Or State-enflaming *Pamphleteers*;
 Yet conscious that he well may shine
 Distinguish'd, in the modern Line,
 He thus instructs him how to hit
 The present Taste, in Works of Wit,
 In *Epics, Epigrams, Satyricks,*
 Soft *Elegies, Lampoons, and Lyrics.*



CANTO II.

- “ **B** *Ardus*, observe in *Epic* Strains,
 “ The *Fancy* must have all the Reins,
 “ Unclog’d by *Judgment* let it fly
 “ From Pole to Pole, and pierce the Sky.

 “ Discreetly labour to prolong
 “ With frequent *Similies* thy Song.
 “ But, with incessant Art and Care
 “ Avoid the least Resemblance there:
 “ To *shun Exactness* is a Rule
 “ Long practis’d in our *Epic* School;
 “ That *Rule*, from painful *Bl—re*, runs
 “ Thro’ all the Works of all his Sons.

“ With

“ With long *Descriptions* croud thy Lays,
 “ *Descriptions* never fail to please :
 “ A Rapid *Stream*, or purling *Rill*,
 “ A verdant *Vale*, or Snow-top’d *Hill*,
 “ A raging *Sea*, or *Zephyr* mild,
 “ A smiling *Mead*, or Desert *wild*,
 “ The rosy, blushing, Grey-ey’d *Morn*,
 “ Or laughing Fields of golden *Corn*,
 “ Are nice Expedients to engage
 “ The Reader’s Mind, and swell thy Page.

“ Affect *Obscurity*, and Shroud
 “ Your Thoughts, discreetly, in a Cloud,
 “ Those Thoughts the Vulgar shall revere,
 “ As if some *Oracle* was there.

“ Be *narrative*, and gently creep
“ From Page to Page, diffusing Sleep:
“ Be bold in *Metaphor*, and soar
“ Too high for Wisdom to explore
“ The smallest Meaning or Design,
“ Of one *Idea*, *Phrase*, or *Line*.

“ The same unmeaning Thought may please,
“ If turn'd a thousand diff'rent Ways.

“ So let a meagre *Beau* be drest,
“ In smart *Toupee*, and broider'd *Vest*,
“ That empty, unreflecting *Ape*,
(“ Disgrace to human Sense and Shape,)
“ A thousand *Female* Hearts may strike,
“ Since every *Creature* loves its like:

And

" And let *him* be expos'd to View
 " In Dresses ev'ry Moment new.
 " He seems (each Virgin will confess,)
 " A new *dull Thing* in ev'ry Dress,
 " As Poets of the *Phoenix* dream,
 " That shines, *another and the same*.

" With equal Elegance, and Ease,
 " Bards purchase Fame by *Lyric* Lays,
 " And these few *Precepts* may impart
 " The full Extent of modern Art.

" Let *Celia's* or *Clarinda's* Eyes
 " Shine, *like two Stars in Azure Skies*;
 " Let nimble *Cupids* here and there
 " Sport in the Ringlets of her Hair;
 " And, without fail, her Eye-brow show
 " The *slender Arch of Cupid's Bow*.

Wou'd

“ Wou’d you a lovely Face commend,
“ With Care the *Rose* and *Lilly* blend;
“ But, O! thy Genius ne’er shou’d slip,
“ The *Pearly Tooth*, and *Ruby Lip*.

“ Poetic Questions, nicely wrought,
“ Will charm without Expence of Thought.

“ Ask *Flavia*, * is there *Web* so thin
“ As *Nature’s Loom* hath wove her *Skin*?
“ Or, if the *Lilly* and the *Rose*
“ Can such *Snow-blushing Hues* disclose?
“ Or, if the *Violet* blooms so blue
“ As *Flavia’s Veins* expos’d to View?
“ Or, if the *Stars* in wintry *Skies*
“ Are brighter *Twinklers* than her *Eyes*?

* A Poem on Miss Georgina Carteret, 1725.

" Immortal Glory may be won
 " By that known Tale of *Priam's* Son.
 " Tell *Chloe*, if the Youth had seen
 " Her Charms compar'd with *Beauty's* Queen,
 " Her Face, her Shape, her Bloom, her Air,
 " Had so surpass'd the fairest there;
 " That *Paris*, out of all Dispute,
 " Wou'd give her the contested Fruit;
 " *Chloe* had been supremely priz'd,
 " And *Goddeses* for her despis'd.

" When lovely *Florimel* is fled,
 " Let ev'ry Flow'r recline its Head,
 " Let *Echo* mourn, and *Forrests* weep,
 " And Swains forget their Songs and Sheep.

The

“ The Whiteness of her Skin to show,
“ Let *Lillies bloom in Beds of Snow* ;
“ To *Globes* compare her swelling *Breast*,
“ Her sparkling *Eye* to * *Cupid's Nest* ;
“ To her your humblest Homage pay,
“ *Like Persians to the rising Day* :
“ Or, if her scorching Looks you shun,
“ Say, *none but Eagles face the Sun*.

“ Let *Lovers*, wounded by her Eyes,
“ Be constantly compar'd to *Flies*,
“ That sport around the fatal Blaze,
“ And fondly perish while they gaze.

“ In *Epigrams*, the *Point* or *Sting*,
“ Is some severe and biting Thing,

* Vol. V. Of Tomson's *Miscellany*. Page 292. and Cotton's *Miscellany*, Page 637.

And

“ And modern *Bards* have too much Sense,

“ In this to give the least Offence.

“ In *Elegy* exert your Art

“ Not to affect the Head or Heart.

“ Make * *Vallies* tremble, *Mountains* roar,

“ And *Waves* o’erwhelm the frighted Shoar;

“ Let bleating Flocks refuse to feed,

“ And *Pan*, afflicted, break his *Reed*;

“ Make Warblers dumb, and Fountains dry,

“ And, *Nature* in *Convulsions* lye;

“ Make Rocks, and Groves, and Wolves, and

“ Sheep,

“ And all things, but the Reader, weep.

“ For *Panegyric*, let your Muse

“ The most improper Subjects chuse;

* Vol. V. of Tonson’s Miscellany, p. 329.

“ Your Muse profusely may dispense
 “ Fame, Beauty, Virtue, Wit and Sense ;
 “ Then covet *Fiction* in thy Lays,
 “ For, *Fiction* is the Soul of Praise.

“ A stupid *Peer*, for Wit commend,
 “ A partial *Judge*, for Virtue's Friend ;
 “ *Chloe* the brown, to Light compare,
 “ And *Fulvia*'s Gait, to *Dorset*'s Air ;
 “ Swear, that insipid *Mopsa* plays
 “ With *Cynthia*'s Excellence and Ease ;
 “ Swear, when she warbles to the Strings,
 “ *Valeria*, or an Angel sings.

“ Authors by these Receipts may write
 “ In *Nature*'s and *Apollo*'s Spite ;
 “ And soon, with *Duck* and C—r, claim
 “ Rewards and Lawrels, Wealth and Fame.

“ Be

“ Be studious nobly to despise
“ Those who by diff’rent Maxims rise:
“ Let *Swift*, *Pope*, *Granville*, *Young* and *Gay*,
“ Pursue their own unbeaten Way;
“ Let them to Fame sublimely soar
“ Thro’ Worlds of Wit unknown before;
“ Be thou industrious to abuse
“ The best Productions of their Muse;
“ Condemn their Works, explore their Crimes,
“ Arraign their Morals, curse their Rhimes,
“ Their *Genius*, and their Wit dispraise,
“ ’Twill add new Lustre to thy Lays.

He ceas’d; and *Bardus* lowly bow’d;
Then mingled with the Rhiming Crowd,
The Crowd, in Rapture at the Laws,
Revere the *God*, and shout Applause.

With

With these Directions *Bardus* sits
 Whole Days, to rhyme and rail at *Wits*,
 Commends the Dull, detests the Wife,
 And, Merit strenuously decries,
 With witless Works fatigues the *Press*,
 And, tho' distinguish'd with Success,
 O'erflows with *Passion*, *Spleen* and *Rage*,
 And shines the *D—s* of the Age.

F I N I S.

Just Publish'd by J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane.

The PROGRESS of BEAUTY. A POEM.

*Be this, my Muse, thy Pleasure and thy Care,
 A Slave to Beauty, to record the Fair.*

LANSDOWN.

A SOLDIER and a SCHOLAR, or the Lady's Judgment upon those two Characters
 in the Persons of Captain ——— and Dean S———.